

Dante himself saw, there seems no necessary limit to the circumference.

Man's relations to the world are dynamic and scientific. He learns all the motions possible to his body, all the marvels of creation and natural law on the earth. In the schools there are science and gymnastics writ large. To the world of his fellow-creatures and to himself he reaches forward through psychology, social science, philanthropy, and social intercourse. To God he attains through both these, and the cardinal virtues which remained unchanged through all the ages—faith, hope, and love. The Trivium and Quadrivium—the classical and modern sides must both then be superseded—are indeed in the many centres where this ideal is lovingly and reverently, however inadequately, carried out.

The wide curriculum includes all the ancient liberal arts, and adds to them all their modern sub-divisions plus the training in practical execution of hand and eye, not from reasons of "utility," but as training of the tools of God to be better fitted to use His gifts of material.

Nor does all this imply an undue strain upon the scholar, as Dante has said the desire for knowledge dilates with every fresh satisfaction, and change of occupation (not idleness) is the truest rest and satisfaction; there is no strain and fatigue in doing that which we desire to do.

So the modern schemes return to the old standpoint—man's innate desire for the modern and knowledge of God, increased and enriched by the modern advances in perception of potential social equality, which sees only inequality in men's capacities of acquirement, and so is bound to give all an equal chance of showing what that capacity may be of the revelations of the laws of God in modern science, and of the enlightening trend of modern psychology.

And the ultimate goal remains the same, that "When I awake up after Thy likeness I shall be satisfied."

R. A. P.

BEDFORDSHIRE LACE.

(CONTINUED.)

When one thinks of the days and weeks spent in making one handkerchief border, or two or three yards of lace, it seems wicked that, to gratify the inordinate love of cheapness, the lace is sold at such a small price. Having made lace for the last seven years, I have some experience of the time taken to make it.

A handkerchief border requiring probably 200 to 300 bobbins across the widest part, and taking nearly three weeks' steady work, will be sold for 12s. 6d., ready mounted; or edging, two or three inches wide, which takes a week to do one yard, will be sold for ninepence or a shilling per yard! And then people are surprised that the lace-making industry is dying out.

Many of the old lace women work during all the daylight hours of each day, and just earn 7s. 6d. a week if they are doing collars, &c., or 3s. to 5s. a week if doing lace by the yard.

During the last fifty years a great deal of Maltese lace has been made in Bedfordshire, though it has been so much changed that at the present day it is scarcely recognisable as such.

There is a story told by the lace workers that a certain gentleman, of the town of Bedford, travelled to Malta, where he bought much lace as presents for his wife and family.

Arrived at Dover he expected to pay heavy duty on this lace, and was much astonished when it was passed without remark. He asked the Customs' Officer if it was a mistake, but the latter said, "Nothing to pay, sir, it was all made in Bedfordshire." Whether this story is true or not I cannot say, but certainly a great deal of Bedfordshire lace is sent abroad, to Malta and elsewhere.

This lace is sold at such a low price in England that it is really cheaper than imitation lace. One can buy a very

pretty handkerchief with a wide border for 5s., and most of the edgings are from 6d. to 1s. 6d. a yard, regardless of the time taken to make.

I was taught to make lace by a woman of 74, who had spent all her married life (over fifty years) in making lace and teaching others to make it.

Her mother kept a lace school in the village for fifty years. The children first went to the lace school at the age of *three*, working for the first two years about four hours a day. This time was increased till at the age of nine or ten we find the poor mites working as much as *eight* hours a day.

They paid nothing for their lace lessons, but were expected to do so much lace a week—perhaps two yards or more. Then as they grew older they were allowed a certain percentage on the lace. There would be perhaps twenty or thirty children in such a school.

In those days all the lace was sold to pedlars, who went round the villages once a week collecting the lace, and paying for it. All the designs were the property of the pedlars, who were so much afraid that their workers would sell lace on their own account, that for collars, &c., they frequently gave the women imperfect parchments—a woman in one village doing a part of the design, and another, perhaps thirty miles off, completing it. The two pieces when finished were stitched together under the pedlar's eye, and so he made sure of getting the profits. The pedlars went from house to house to sell the lace for many years, but now there are a few shops where it is possible to get it. Anyone wishing to buy some of the Bedfordshire or Maltese lace can do so by writing to Mrs. Carter, Thatched Cottage, Clapham, near Bedford.

People often like to buy the lace for bazaars, or to give away.

Mrs. Carter also gives lessons in lace making at sixpence an hour.

If anyone feels moved to try their hand at Bedfordshire lace-making, let them lose no time, as the price of the old bobbins goes up every day, and there are not many left to buy! The new ones are not desirable from any point of view, except, perhaps, that of economy, as they are certainly cheaper, though ugly, gaudy, and most unpleasant to work with.

There is at present a craze for old bobbins, and many people will pay as much as a guinea for a single bobbin. My collection of about 230 bobbins is at present worth over £5, though when I began lace-making it was worth less than half.

The old lace-makers live very peaceful, happy lives—many of them quite alone; the rattle and music of the bobbins is their only companionship, and the work is so habitual to them that they get plenty of time for thinking. Passing through the villages of Bedfordshire one is sure to see at least one dear old lady in white cap and spectacles, sitting at her pillow in summer-time in the porch, framed with wee, white roses, or in the winter at the cottage window, looking a picture of content and peace.

E. R. T.

A HOLIDAY IN THE HARZ.

I wonder if anyone knows what it feels like to have too much joy! That is the feeling which has come over me at different times during this last holiday. There was so much to admire, so much kindness of heart, so much of everything beautiful that one could only gasp mentally, and wait for a quiet time to sort out one's gratitude. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of the Harz (except from my own point of view)—that has been done too well and too often before. I simply give a few rough notes for the benefit of those who may wish to go out there later on.

To begin with, we took Cook's tickets from London to Halberstadt—not the only possible route, perhaps there are better, perhaps not, at any rate it was convenient and we arrived. Landing at the Hook of Holland we took train at about 5-30 a.m., and travelled through the much-described and perhaps monotonous flats of Holland. Some of us had just been reading a delightful book of E. V. Lucas entitled "A Wanderer in Holland," and we were eager to verify

what we had read. We found that the fascination of even a railway journey through the land had not been over-rated. Hour after hour passed, and still we clanked on in our loose-jointed caterpillar train, through pastures planted about with great black and white cows, like those in our Noah's Ark in old days, and of course multitudes of wind-mills; prim-looking villages with straight avenues of trees, and little farm houses almost buried in trees. The ricks have roofs which can be pushed up or let down, as they are full of hay or otherwise. We saw many storks, but not one on a roof as Mr. Lucas describes them—having a watchful eye for those in need of babies. Occasional canals delighted our eyes, but for the most part we rather appeared to avoid them. To the pastures succeeded a dreary waste, as it seemed to our easily-fatigued untravelled eyes—miles and miles of sand-dune and heather, with stunted trees—not a living creature to be seen. Mother Nature alone by herself—we are most evidently gregarious!

At last we arrived at Hanover. It is a fine city so far as we could see, and we thought it very clean, though I believe for a German town it is considered distinctly the reverse. We had no time to explore the interesting part—the old houses near the river, &c.—but managed to get as far as the outside of the Herrenhaus, which was formerly the property of Ernest Agustus, Duke of Cumberland. Seen from the outside it is dreary and uninteresting, and extremely "Georgian" in appearance. The windows adorned with hideous Prussian blue blinds, a passive loyalty seems to envelop the whole place. There is something rather forlorn in the aspect of even an empty palace which has lost its independence. We were rather relieved to get back to the busy streets, in spite of the really beautiful avenues through which we were driven. We spent the night at Hanover, and went on next morning to Hildesheim. I will give at the end of these notes a list of addresses, prices, &c., for those whom it may interest.

Hildesheim delighted everyone: given a little time for reflection one could mentally picture processions of little dancing figures with the too-fascinating piper at their head flitting through those cobbled streets. The exception at Hildesheim is a modern-looking house. One could really and truly shake hands with the neighbours over the way

from the upper windows of the houses. We could only rush our sight-seeing and wish for more time, as we were obliged to get on the same day.

We arrived at Wernigerode on the afternoon of August 1st. Coming into the station we were very much disappointed at the prospect; part of the town has stretched itself out on to the plain, and the straight flat streets are not impressive. We were very much amused at the way in Germany that everything is exactly contrary to our English usages. The railway signals, for example, go up instead of down; the rule of the road is "keep to the right" instead of to the left; new comers do the first calls, and so forth. To return—we soon left the flats behind us and, getting into Nöschenrode, a village which has become absorbed into Wernigerode, were surprised at the really beautiful scenery which met us—rounded hills stretching in every direction, covered with trees, and crowned in one case by a real, inhabited, but quite beautiful castle. In the distance the much talked of and many-fabled Brocken; and stretching away for miles and miles at the foot of the hills, the plain, most fascinating of all to me—not to go near or be trifled with, but haunting in its vastness, and almost as mysterious as the sea—never for five minutes the same, and yet never changing. You could not get away from it, the hills rise straight up from it most abruptly, and all streams appear to lose themselves in it. The plain has the most curious appearance here, owing to the method of planting small crops of about an acre to two acres, so that it looks like an enormous patchwork quilt. Here and there are clumps of trees, tokens of the village or homestead. The roads are very long and straight, and their course can generally be traced by the single line of apple, pear, or plum trees on either side. Very many of the names of the villages and small towns about the Harz have the termination -erode=clearing. As one native explained, "A man he is call Darling, and he make a space—what you call it—in ze trees, he build him a house; ozer people zay come and live, and he call his place he have made Darlingerode." We made a list one day of the many "erodes" we came across in one expedition. Here it is: Wernig-erode, Nöschen-rode, Hass-erode, Benzing-erode, Simca-rode, Süd-erode, Wien-rode, Toten-rode (perhaps a plague village), Hütten-rode, and Elbing-erode. The Schloss Wernigerode, which in time

became a much-valued friend, belongs to Count Stolberg, who owns the greater part of the land in this part of the Hartz, and is very wealthy so report goes, his land having valuable iron mines and marble and other quarries on it, besides the timber. The forest is most carefully preserved, a small army of foresters being kept up to attend to it. No one who has not seen anything of forestry can have any conception of the vast amount of labour which it entails, or the number of people employed. Young trees must be watched through every stage of their growth. Experts have

Marked the slow rise of the tree,
How its stem trembled first
Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's antler.

Disease must be guarded against, or, if possible, checked, insect pests got rid of. As they grow up, careful thinning is necessary, especially here where the method of planting is to put the young trees very close together, so as to produce a straight, clean stem with few side branches. Undergrowth must not be allowed to become too rampant; trees which have been struck by lightning or blown down must be taken out. The foresters have charge of the game, too; red deer, roebuck, wild swine, and game birds are preserved; and the Emperor often shoots the Stolberg covers. In our walks through the woods we constantly came across peasants, men and women, who are employed in cutting wood. It is very hard work: and we were often reminded of Millet's "Man with the Hoe," and that other terribly realistic picture of the old wood-cutter which figures on the wall of the Millet Room.

The woods themselves are too lovely for such feeble description as I can give. Go and see them, is all that I can say! I think whoever first conceived the story of Sindbad the Sailor, must have got his idea of the rocs from standing in a forest of great Tannenbäumer. They look so like enormous bird's legs with great claws stretching out below and untidy giant feathers above. Does anyone know that picture of Sindbad in Dalziel's illustrated edition of the Arabian Nights, where he stands looking up at the great roc and ties himself to one of its legs?

The walks around Wernigerode are quite inexhaustible;

we could easily have spent each day in exploration of the immediate neighbourhood. A bicycle would have been exceedingly useful, and the roads are not at all bad. One excursion especially which we made during the last week could have been done quite easily and at no cost at all, except for coffee, &c. I mean the well-known round of the Bodetal and Blankenburg. The road is quite excellent for most of the way, with convenient stopping places, and I think I am right in saying only one serious hill.

We were quite fascinated by the cow-bells. As in Switzerland and Norway, each cow and calf wears a bell, and each bell has a tone peculiarly its own. I went into a shop one day and tried many of the same size, and no two were alike. The combined effect of thirty or forty is quite melodious, and we were haunted by the sound whenever we walked among the hills.

We, of course, climbed the Brocken; not, I am ashamed to say, in the orthodox way, but with the aid of a crazy little train, which bears, like the cows, attached to its fat little neck a large bell, which warns passers-by of its approach. Talking of trains, what a careful mother is the State in Germany. On every carriage door is inscribed "nicht hinauslehnen," and the windows of the boat express would only open half-way! Every mountain top has a little hotel which provides coffee and beer for the weary tourist. You may bring your own "Wurst" or hard-boiled egg in a paper bag, and the fatherly waiter usually provides you with a plate to put it on. If you choose to eat your frugal meal by the wayside, every passer-by greets you not with "Gutentag" but "Mahlzeit."

When we were coming down from the Brocken, rather a curious thing happened. We had to go over a level crossing, and a very strong wind was blowing up the line, and away from us. We heard nothing, but one of my companions said suddenly, "Take care, the train is coming!" and there it was close upon us. No sooner had it passed us down the wind, than we heard what a noisy little conveyance it was.

The following is a list of prices and addresses:—Cook's ticket London or any station on the Great Eastern Railway, except Peterboro', to Halberstadt, £3 17s. 4d., or via Bruns-

wick. First class on steamer 11s. extra, return; berths should be written for beforehand.

Hospiz für Damen, Hannover,

Alte Cellerheerstrasse, No. 4.

Bedroom, m. 2.50 or m. 3.00; Frühstück, 30 pfg.; Mittagessen 60 pfg., and so on; Baths, 20 pfg. Very nice and clean, and quite near the station. There is a similar place in Berlin, and I fancy in most of the big towns.

I should advise anyone who intends to travel abroad in the holidays to lay in a stock of provisions for the journey. We did not do so on our way out, and found it very expensive; also a cake of soap and an indiarubber bath. Our rooms were m. 26.00 a week. Washing costs about the same as in England. German lessons from one to two marks, or exchange conversation lessons.

A bicycle ticket to the Harz costs 7s. 6d. Personally I think it worth while to take one, if one is a member of the C.T.C., but opinions differ. We could have seen a good deal in that way, and the roads are very fair, and not nearly so hilly as in Devonshire or Derbyshire, round Werningerode and the borders of the Harz.

S. H.



EXTRACTS FROM A NATURE NOTE
BOOK ON TOUR.

IN THE TRAIN FROM PARIS TO CLARENS.

A day of exodus. We left for Clarens by the 9-10 a.m. from the Gare de Lyon. On our way to the station we passed the Hotel de Ville, which I had not seen before, also the beautiful little tower of St. Germaine d'Auxerrois, and I saw the towers of Notre Dame in the distance.

The country outside Paris is pretty, and there are on the outskirts of the town hundreds of picturesque little villas, each of a different pattern, and standing in its own little garden; they look like little model dolls' houses, very cheery and gay and fresh.

The first place I noticed was Melun, but we whizzed past and out into the country again. It was curious to see the cattle ploughing, just I suppose as they used to do in Elisha's day. I was glad to see them looking sleek and well-cared for; and as they have no harness except the yoke, there are no bands and straps to gall them. Sometimes we passed what had evidently been river beds, now smooth and well kept and under cultivation. That was in the rocky district before Dijon, and I thought I saw some rock dwellings, for there was a rocky hill side with what looked like slits in it—doorways perhaps. Presently we came into a tunnel—a very long one—and on emerging I looked at the map and concluded that we had burrowed through the mountains of the Cote-d'Or.

Dijon from the station is dirty and small. At Dijon the through carriage for Lausanne is shunted, and that is quite worth watching: a horse hauls it upon a little travelling platform which stands across the rails. Then he is hooked